

which the vile scoundrel whom I represent deserved to be transported. It was only just. They could not accord any pity to a traitor, the lowest of blackguards; and as long as I represent this wretch I can only approve their conduct.

* * * On the day of my departure you assured me that the truth would surely soon come to light. I have lived during that awful voyage, I am living now, only on that word of yours—remember it well. I have been disembarked but a few minutes, and I have obtained permission to send you a cablegram. There are two mails a month for France. * * * My nervous system is in a deplorable condition, and it is full time that this horrible tragedy should end. Now my spirit alone is above water. Oh, for God's sake, hurry; work with all your might!

* * * When you have some good news to announce to me send me a dispatch. I am waiting for it day by day as for the Messiah."

To pass his time he jotted down his thoughts as they came to him, forwarding long letters by every mail, but receiving no word until June 11th, over three months after his departure from France. On September 27th he wrote:

"If at times I have allowed you to catch a glimpse of how horrible is my life here, how this lot of infamy, whose effects continue day by day to harrow my being, to revolt my soul, it is not that I would complain; it is to tell you again that if I have lived, if I continue to live, it is because I desire my honor, yours, that of our children. * * * You have the right to present yourself everywhere with your head erect, for you have come not to beg for mercy, not to beg for favors, not even for moral convictions, however legitimate they may be. You have come to demand the search for the discovery of the wretches who have committed the infamous and cowardly crime. The government has all the means by which this may be done."

In a letter dated April 26, 1896, we get an idea of his mental sufferings in his lonely cabin:

My suffering is at times so strong that I would tear my skin from my flesh, to forget in physical pain this too violent torture of soul. I arise in the morning with the dread of the long hours of the day, alone, for so long, with the horrors of my brain; I lie down at night with the fear of the sleepless hours. * * * My body is broken, my nerves are sick, my brain is crushed; say simply that I still hold myself erect in the absolute sense of the word only because I resolved to, so as to see with you and our children the day when honor shall be returned to us. * * * Very often I have wished to speak to you at length of our children—I can not. A dull, bitter anger floods my heart at the thought of these dear little creatures,

struck through their father, who is innocent of a crime so abominable. My throat contracts, my sobs choke me, my hands are wrung with grief at not being able to do anything for them—for you."

Again he wrote:

"You must expect that sufferings, the climate, the situation, have done their work. I have left only my skin, my bones, and my moral energy. I hope that this last will carry me through to the end of our trials."

But his strong will never deserted him. On November 24, 1897, he wrote:

"Though my body, my brain, my heart, everything, is worn out, my soul remains intangible, ever ardent, its determination unshaken and strong in the right of every human being to have justice and truth for himself, for those who belong to him."

In the spring of 1898 he sent several personal appeals to the president of the republic, minister of war, and General de Boisdeffre for a new trial, and, receiving no answer, became a victim of the conditions of his solitary position. In September, 1898, he bade a final adieu to his wife and children, and declared that he would write no more. He was beset with unconquerable sadness. He complained to his physician, Dr. Veugnon, of Cayenne, of mental exhaustion and insomnia. He was haunted by the "fixed idea" to exculpate himself from the charge of treason. Yet he could only deny and deny. His counsel, Maitres Labori and Demange, give the following instance of the indignities and tortures that he suffered:

"Once when it was reported that an attempt would be made to rescue him, this man, consumed with fever and almost bereft of reason, was, by the order of M. Lebon, minister of the colonies, chained to his cot while the lamp that was kept burning over his head attracted hordes of tropical insects. He was told that his wife sought to forget him and desired to marry again. In his despair his jailers thought he might say something that would incriminate him. They were mistaken. He made no confession. There was none to make. He could only yell in their ears, 'I am innocent! I am innocent!'"

On November 15, 1898, M. Darius, the procureur-general of Cayenne, entered the room occupied by the prisoner and said to him: "Dreyfus, the court of cassation has decided to revise your case. What have you to say?"

"Dreyfus seemed like one dazed. The day for which he had so fervently prayed had come at last. Yet, according to his inquisitor, this is what he replied: 'I shall say nothing until I am confronted by my accusers in Paris.' No further facts were revealed to him; but, under the direction of the authorities in Paris, he was interrogated at given periods."

At length he was officially informed of the first decision of the court of

cassation. Writing to his wife on December 26th, he explains that if he had for a moment closed his correspondence, this was because he was awaiting the reply to his petition for the revision of his judgment, and should only have repeated himself:

"If my voice had ceased to make itself heard, this would have been because it had forever died away. If I have lived, it has been for my honor, which is my property and the patrimony of our children. * * * Let us, therefore, await with confidence the decision of the supreme court, as we await with confidence the decision of the new judges before whom this decision will send me."

Always confident in the eventual result, Dreyfus wrote on February 8, 1899:

"Although I think, as I told you, that the end of our horrible martyrdom is nigh, what does it matter if there is a little delay? The object is everything, and until the day when I can clasp you in my arms I would have you know my thoughts, which never leave you, which have watched night and day over you and the children."

The correspondence ends with a letter dated February 25th, in which he sends his love to all his relatives, pending the receipt of the news of his rehabilitation, and a note soon after to his little son, Pierre, in which he says: "You wish me to write to you. I shall do better; I shall soon press you in my arms." Five months, however, passed before he reached France. For nearly four years the world was a blank to him. Of the efforts made to rehabilitate him, of the heroic Picquart's martyrdom in the cause of truth and justice, of Zola's melodramatic entrance upon the scene, and the crimes committed in the name of "l'honneur de l'armee," he knew nothing.

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THE GOLD DEMOCRATS. The republicans of Iowa, in their state convention

yesterday, pronounced an encomium on the gold democrats. "As republicans," they said, "we make recognition of the loyalty and exalted patriotism of the sound-money democrats and men of all parties who put aside partisanship in order to maintain the good faith of the nation, and, in resistance to the Chicago platform and its candidate, to secure the welfare of the people." Signs are not wanting in other quarters that the attitude of the democrats who supported Palmer and Buckner in 1896, and of those who voted directly for McKinley in order to make their votes "count double" against Bryan, is becoming a matter of much interest among the republicans. In proportion as the latter grow uneasy respecting their position on expansion and the war in the Philippines,